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INDIAN STORIES

AS RELATED BY
THE STORY-TELLER
OF THE
SENECA INDIANS

TRANSCRIBED BY
JOHN W. SANBORN, A. M.
O-YO-GA-WEH
"Sit Without a Cloud"



MEMBER OF

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TO
Mr. Henry B. Howland
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE
Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences
THIS BOOK OF INDIAN STORIES
IS DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

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PREFATORY NOTE.

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THE SENECA INDIANS relate to their children many weird tales of witches, ghosts and flying heads, with the two-fold purpose of entertaining them and imparting knowledge of the marriage and burial customs of the tribe.

In the long winter evenings a story-teller, whom some family secures for the occasion,—and he must be one of the authorized story-tellers of the tribe,—croons out the legendary lore to an eager company of old and young.

Each person pays tribute to the story-teller: one giving an ear of corn; another, an apple; a third, a potato, or turnip, and so on until all have given.

In return for learning the language and making translations into the Seneca tongue of hymns and other matter, the writer was adopted into the tribe with imposing ceremony, and given the Indian name of O-yo-ga-weh, "Sky without-a-cloud," and made chief, for life, of the Clan of Wolves in which are seventeen hundred Indians, and honored by the Council with the narration by the official story-teller, of the legends of the tribe.

Of the many stories thus related, a few characteristic ones are given in this book.

The pictures show Mrs. King Tandy Jemison of the Allegany Senecas, in broadcloth dress and deerskin overdress ornamented with beadwork and silver brooches which were hammered out of quarter-dollars, fifty-cent pieces and dollars.

There are, on this dress, sixty silver dollars thus hammered out, besides many other silver pieces.

The style of this costume is the same that prevailed five hundred years ago. The material then used was not cloth but deerskin tanned in smoke and made soft like velvet, and the ornamentation done with porcupine quills instead of silver dollars.

That a style of dress should not have changed a particle in five centuries is quite remarkable!

March 1st, 1915

JOHN W. SANBORN.



MRS. JEMISON IN INDIAN DRESS



MRS. JEMISON IN FULL INDIAN COSTUME.

CHAPTER I

THE MAN WHO TURNED INTO A BEAR



LITTLE boy lived in a bark-house with an old man who called him his nephew. The boy was a good hunter, and kept the old man well supplied with bear's meat.

Growing older, the boy strolled each day farther away from the wigwam, and the old man said to him, "My nephew, be very careful not to wander too far to the north; it will not be safe."



"What can uncle mean by that? I will take his advice and be careful, but I will go that way and know the reason."

So he started, not meaning to run into danger, but only to learn why the old uncle warned him. He found all kinds of game in plenty, and was allured by the game to go a great distance. Suddenly he discovered what to him was very strange, the track of a huge bear; so large and heavy was the bear that at every step his great weight pressed his feet deep down below the surface, and so fat was he that the footprints were filled with oil which flowed down his legs.

"I will follow this wonderful track," said the boy, "and kill this great bear."

The track appeared to be lately made, for the weeds which the bear trod down were slowly straightening themselves up again. He followed the track, forgetting, in his eagerness, all about the old man in the wigwam far away, and soon came to a bark-house which contained a large family, and among them quite a number of girls. He asked an old woman when the bear went by, and she, pointing to the youngest girl, replied, "When that girl was a baby; but the animal is not a bear, it is a man."

"She is a foolish old woman. She does n't know a bear from a man," muttered the nephew to himself. "I know it is a bear's track, and I will follow it."

In his journeying he reached another house, where lived an old man, and asked, "Haksoot, (grandfather) when did the great bear go past?"

"That is the track of your uncle who went past. He made the track to catch your attention. He will be glad to see you. I moved into this house when he made the track that I might have this oil to eat on my corn-bread."

"I know this is a bear's track and not a man's," the nephew kept muttering.

He continued to follow the track, and soon reached another house, and there the track ended. Near this house there was a deep ravine and not far off a lake.

Knocking at the door, he asked, "When did the great bear go past? I am after him. I am going to shoot him."

"My nephew," said the man in the house, "you have at last come home and I am glad. I made the track and filled it with oil to catch your mind

and lead you home. That old man who told you not to go to the north stole you away from this house when you were twelve moons (twelve months) old. It was lodged in my mind to show you the way home, so I made the track. The old man will come for you, but he shall not get you. I will command my house to turn to stone, and he cannot hurt you."

* * * *

The old man in the forest wondered what had become of the boy. He feared that his orders were disobeyed, and that the boy had found the track; so he started very early the next morning to look him up. He found the boy's track near the track of the bear.

"Yes, my nephew has surely found out why I told him not to go to the north; I will follow him. But first I will turn into a grizzly bear, and he will see me and be afraid and I can catch him and bring him back."

The old man accordingly turned into a very ferocious looking bear and started on the run. Reaching the first bark-house he halted, and enquired if the boy had gone past; he was told that he had. He hurried on, asking the same question at the next house, and receiving the same answer. Soon he reached the house where the boy was. When the boy's own uncle saw the bear approaching, he said to the bark-house, "Let my house become a stone!" and it turned into one shaped like a mound, with a very small hole for an entrance. The uncle and nephew remained within.

The bear said,

"You have my boy, and now let us decide by

a fight who shall keep him. You come out here and we will fight."

"No, you come inside if you want to fight," said the uncle, and the boy laughed.

At this the bear became very angry, and attempted to push his paw into the entrance and to open it wider, but he did not succeed, for the uncle lighted a pine-knot and set fire to the bear's paw. The bear withdrew his paw and tried to brush off the fire with the other paw, but his fur was so oily that, instead of putting the fire out, he set fire to the other paw. He ran to the lake and plunged into it, but the lake was not water but oil, and he set it all afire and was consumed in it.

The house became a bark-house again, and the uncle went to the lake and blew out the fire.

They lived together in happiness, fished, and trapped, and hunted, and had all good things in abundance.



CHAPTER II

RESTORED EYES

TEN BROTHERS lived together in a great forest; their only occupation was hunting.

It was their custom whenever they went hunting to keep together until they reached the top of a certain hill; then they separated, going in different directions, and, at a certain time in the evening twilight, coming together on the hill to compare game. So a beaten trail was made from their dwelling to the hill.

One evening, to their great surprise, as they were returning home, they discovered a woman's track going in the direction of their dwelling.

The oldest brother was accustomed to lead their line of march, and the youngest to bring up the rear.

The oldest was very homely, but for all that he had long wanted to find him a wife. He was the first to discover the track, and kept wishing that he might find the woman sitting at his place near the fire.

The Indian custom has always been that, if a woman, seeking a husband—and they have always regarded it as one of woman's first rights to choose her own husband—should sit on the seat of the man she wooed and he take up and bite the bread she brought, the match was consummated.

The foremost of the ten brothers eagerly fol-

lowed the track. His mind was so absorbed with thoughts of the woman and her track that, when he stubbed his toe against a root, he fell flat, and the force of the fall made the thoughts in his mind explode into the words, "I *wish* she be on my seat," and the brothers laughed.

To his delight, and their chagrin—for everyone of them, as they afterwards confessed, secretly had hope—she sat at his place. He took the bread and bit out of it such a large mouthful, and so eagerly that you would have thought he was starving to death for that very loaf!

She had prepared supper for all the ten and they praised her. They were glad, after all, that she wedded their oldest brother, because, for a long time he had hoped a wife would come to him, but none came he was so homely, and his failures made him cross. So they were glad for now he was not cross.

Well, she prepared the food morning and evening for all the brothers and gathered wood for their fire.

One day she was taken sick, and every minute grew worse so that none of them went hunting that day.

"I am very sick," she said, "and there is only one medicine that will cure me."

"What is it? What is it?" they all cried.

"I cannot get well unless the youngest brother will stand by the door and face me. Then I get well."

"That is very easy medicine," said one of the brothers. But the youngest brother feared some trick, and asked,

"Why can't I stand here by my seat?"

"No, he must stand by the door," she said.

His brothers urged him, and he stood by the door.

Instantly she sprang forward like a tiger and went with a rush through the open door, and when she had gone it was found that she had dug out the eyes of the youngest brother. The nine ran in pursuit of her. They gained upon her and were just about to seize her; she cried out to the hurricane which lay sleeping near by and it awoke and destroyed the nine brothers and she escaped. The blind brother was left alone.

A large dog and a little girl—the child of the woman—were spared also. When the little girl knew what had happened to her uncle she was very sad, but she told him that she would care for him, and not to feel badly.

She gathered sticks for their fire and the dog always attended her; but one day she went out while the dog was asleep. Suddenly, the blind man and the dog heard the girl cry out in great distress. The dog sprang out and saw the poor girl rising from the ground. A man with wings was carrying her off. The dog jumped to catch her, but could only reach her moccasins which he pulled off and carried into the bark-house and dropped at the blind man's feet, then, coiling up into a heap near the fire, he turned into a round stone.

The winged man flew off with the girl, carrying her above the tree tops and over a large body of water and alighted on an island. This

was his home. There were several children there, and the girl wondered what it all meant.

The man was very hungry, and he told one of the children to fetch some water. He put the kettle on the fire and placed a piece of bark on the ground and when the child came with the water he told her to sit down. He struck the child with a club and killed her; then devoured the body. The next morning he flew away again, but returned at night without a victim. He told the next girl to fetch some water and then the next, and served them all alike.

The last one saw that she would be killed in a short time, so she tried to escape. She went after water, and, standing close to the lake gave a strange cry, and the voice of an old man responded calling her by name. She followed the voice and soon saw two men in a canoe. They told her to hurry into the canoe, and put a paddle out, and she stepped upon it into the canoe. They paddled away. They told the girl that the monster would be very angry and try to kill them all, but they would protect her.

Just then they heard a strange noise. It was the voice of the monster calling the girl. As she did not answer, he went out to find her, but he was so excited that he forgot to put on his wings.

He found her track and followed it to the lake. Looking up, he saw the canoe and the men and the girl, and he was very mad, so mad that he did not think to go back for his wings!

He lay down and sucked all the water of the lake down his throat. The island rose as if by

magic out of the water like a mountain, because the monster drew the lake into his stomach.

The canoe was at once in the midst of swift rapids and shot towards the dark gulf of the dragon's throat. One of the men seized the beaver-spear, and, as they neared the monster who was now bloated up mountain-high, he pierced him, and instantly the water gushed out and drove the canoe swiftly away and all escaped. The two men stood up near each other in the canoe and became one. This double man went ashore across the lake and led the little girl to his wigwam, and he asked his mother who lived with him to care for the girl, and this she was very willing to do.

When the girl became a woman she married the double man who had saved her life. At length twin boys were born to them, and the old woman was displeased and threw them into the lake; but the waves sent them to the shore. She threw them in again, but saw at last that they could creep, and in a little while they stood on their feet and ran away from the water. Then she became pleasant to them and made them a netted ball-club and a ball.

They enjoyed playing ball.

One day they became so excited in their play that they sent the ball across the clearing and over the trees. They chased it and soon came into a larger clearing, and here they played every day, going home at night. One morning the ball bounded to the top of a knoll and suddenly disappeared. They ran to find it, but it was nowhere to be seen. After hunting for it a long

time, and just as they were about to give up the search, one of them spied an opening at the top of the knoll. Looking down, they saw a large room, and on the floor lay a man who held their ball in his hands.

"There must be a door to this strange house," said one of the boys to the other. Searching, they found it and went in. The man was blind. They pitied him. They brought water, washed his face and he thanked them. It is a mark of great respect for a young Indian to wash the face of an aged or helpless person.

The blind man gave the boys their ball.

They went home, but said nothing about their discovery.

Very early the next morning they returned to the home of the blind man. They asked him how he lost his eyes, and he answered:

"My brother's wife stole my eyes when she made me stand by the door facing her."

"Uncle, we will get you some eyes to use."

As they journeyed through the forest they met a deer, and addressed him:

"We wish to borrow something of you; we would like to borrow your eyes."

"All right," said the deer.

"Here is some moss to be eating until we return with your eyes," and the deer lay down and the boys took out his eyes and placed them in the man's head.

"Can you see?" they asked.

"Yes, I can see something, but not very well."

But the boys thought the eyes were too big, and not becoming to the man; so they took the

eyes back, and thanked the deer for lending them. Soon they met a bear and said to him:

"We want to borrow something of you; we want to borrow your eyes."

"All right," said the bear,—and the boys at once took them out and put them into the man's eye-sockets, and he looked very well, and said:

"I can now see."

"We will leave these eyes in his head," agreed the boys.

They returned home for the night, but made no mention of the man.

Early the next morning they hurried back again. They asked the man in which direction the woman went with the stolen eyes, and how far away she lived. He pointed but said:

"Her dwelling is a great distance away."

"Uncle, we are going after your eyes,"—and into the forest they plunged.

Many days and nights they traveled, reaching at length a great lake skimmed over with ice so thin that it waved up and down with the water.

The boys found a pod, and, placing it on the ice, stepped into it—for it became large like a canoe—and sang:

"Let the wind blow and take us across the lake," and the wind blew and the pod skipped to the other side.

On landing, they found the woman's house.

"Stay here," said one of the boys to the other, "and I will go to the house. She will run after me. Hide here, and when she chases me past this spot, hit her with the ball."

The boy crept up to the bark-house, and the woman sat by a fire braiding human hair into a cape, and she had live human eyes worked into the shoulders of the cape. They were the eyes of the blind uncle. As the boy stood gazing at her both of his own eyes fell out into his hand.

He commanded one of them to go back to its place, but held the other in his hand and said;

"Let one of uncle's eyes come out of the cape into this empty socket," and it did so. Then he took his uncle's eye out and held it in his hand and put his own eye in its place. He next took the other eye out, and the second eye of his uncle flew to that socket. He took it out, held it in his hand, and put his own eye in its place. It was all a very trying operation, but he had succeeded in capturing his uncle's eyes.

As he hastened away, she sprang at him with a club, but missed him. She chased him past the hiding-place of the other boy. The ball flew out, hit her on the head, and she fell lifeless.

They dragged her body into her bark-house, set fire to it, and remained until everything was consumed. They re-crossed the lake in the pod, and hastened to the house of the man who was wearing the bear's eyes.

On the way they found the place where their other uncles had been destroyed by the hurricane. The bones of all their people were there, the bones of their grandfathers and uncles.

They arranged the bones in order, and, starting back, made a quick run and jumped over the piles of bones, and sang:

"Let these people rise ! Let these people rise !

The hurricane is coming and the trees will fall.
Be quick! Be quick."

At once the people arose, and were very glad to see the boys. All went to the wigwam of the man whose eyes had now been rescued, and the boys said;

"Uncle, we have found your eyes, and have brought back your brothers to life."

He was overjoyed.

They then took out the bear's eyes and put the man's own eyes in their places. The people were all well satisfied, and said to the boys;

"We would now like to see your mother."

"You shall see her," said the boys, "but first let us take these eyes back to the bear."

So they returned the bear's eyes, and thanked him for them, and promised, as a reward for his kindness, never to hunt or hurt any of his family.

"But how shall we know," inquired the boys, "who belongs to your family?"

The bear answered; "The smoke from our fires after this shall always go up in a straight column, and the smoke from the fires of all other bears shall spread out like a flat cloud. In this way you may know us."

At once the boys now set out for home.

The old grandmother eagerly asked where they had been so long, for her wampum-string, as is always the case in time of grief or danger, had dragged low in the ashes in their absence, and she knew by that that the boys were in a dangerous situation.

They told her all, and she praised them.

The next morning they all went to the bark-house of Restored Eyes, and there they were contented and happy. They thought it best to remain there always, and make a settlement of wigwams, and not go back to the grandmother's house, and as she, too, was pleased to remain at the new home, they dwelt there in harmony, and became a mighty people. *Na-ho. I am done.*



CHAPTER III

NIAGARA'S HORSESHOE FALL

THE LEGEND is, that a beautiful Indian maiden was bound by some law to marry an ugly, wrinkled, uncouth Indian. The contract had been ratified, and there was no escape for her. So, just before the day that they, by tribal law, were to be bound as one, she sprang into a bark-canoe and paddled it far out upon the shooting waters of Niagara. Down, down the wild rapids, and over the surging sea of flashing waters sped the canoe with its precious freight.

The patron-deity of the harvest, the "cloud-making," and "rain-giving" Heno, dwelt in the cave behind the falls. He saw the maiden falling, and flew out—for he had massive wings—and caught her ere she struck the rocks below. She dwelt for many moons in the abode of Heno.

While there, he taught her many things. He told her what she and her tribe had sought for years to know; why it was that her people suffered every spring from the inroads of a fearful pestilence. He explained that a serpent was the cause; that this serpent had his slimy haunts under the settlement, and that he poisoned the waters of the streams that great numbers of the Indians might be destroyed because he fed upon

the bodies of the dead, and such was his appetite that deaths by natural causes did not supply his need. Heno then brushed his wings, and bore the Indian maiden to her home. She told her people the cause of their suffering, and advised them to change their residence. They did so, moving many corn-hills* towards the great lake. (Lake Ontario).

The serpent, robbed of his feast, glided forth noiselessly after the departing people. Heno, who handles the storms and carries thunder-bolts of all sizes in his pouch, hurled one at the monster. The shores and hills were shaken, and a terrible conflict ensued. Heno found that his first bolt was too small, but he feared that a larger one would stun the deer in the wood and the fish in the lake, but he did not hurt the serpent, and, becoming alarmed, he selected two of the largest in his pouch, and finally slew the monster. His body extended more than a mile, and, swinging his tail around in the agonies of death, he swept up great hills of sand.

Rolling down the rapids, the serpent's body lodged upon a rock, and piled the waters mountain-high, and the shelving rock gave way, behind the coiling mass which stretched from bank to bank, and thus was formed the horse-shoe bending of the Falls. This is the legend of the Senecas.

* A corn-hill, Indian measurement, was about three feet.

CHAPTER IV

"MAN-WITH-ONLY-TWO-FEATHERS- CLOSE-TOGETHER-IN-HIS-CAP"

MANY MOONS ago, there lived in their own wigwam, an uncle and his nephew. The uncle's name was Do-hah-da-negah, that is, "Man-with-only-two-feathers-close-together-in-his-cap."* The nephew's name was Hos-heh-wah-di-gah-hoh, "Scorched-body."

He received this name because he was in the habit of lying so close to the fire that he was forever scorching himself.

These two lived alone. There was nobody near them. The nephew had never seen any person but his uncle. This uncle was a great hunter, and while he was off for game, the boy lay asleep by the fire. Every night the hunter returned to the wigwam and he always had an abundance of meat. Soon the nephew became larger and stronger so that he could assist his uncle in carrying home the meat.

It was always considered a sign of a great hunter when a wigwam was lined with several layers of meat strung on poles to dry. This uncle's wigwam was full of meat overhead.

The boy had now become a young man.

The uncle owned very valuable furs and skins which he had laid away for the pleasure of visitors if any should ever come. The nephew was

* It was usual to wear one feather or more than two. See the pictures of Mrs. Jemison in this book. To wear only two feathers was a sign of oddity.

not allowed to use the good furs. He lay on an old bear-skin right in the ashes, and his hair was full of them.

"You are now a young man," said the uncle, "and you must now begin to learn something. I want you to start early tomorrow morning for a certain place. It is towards the sunrise."

Very early the next morning the uncle shook the young man from the ashes, and dusted him off, then gave him directions:

"You must now start. After you have gone a long distance, you will see a large dead pine tree, and near it you will find a big log; sit on this log and listen to every sound, but keep still. Then hurry back, and tell me what you heard."

He went, found the log, sat down, kept still and listened. He heard nothing, and fell asleep for he was never up so early in all his life.

He was awakened by a strange squealing under the log. He listened. Soon it stopped. He had never heard such a sound, and thought it must be what his uncle sent him for; so he hurried home to report. He was in such haste that he stumbled on the way, and, on reaching the wigwam, he fell flat upon the ashes.

"Uncle! Uncle! I have heard something! As I sat on the log, all at once"—

"Hold on, nephew, hold on! Let my tobacco burn first," and he filled his pipe and lighted it. "Now, nephew you may commence; what is it you have heard?"

"As I sat on the log I was sleepy. I heard a strange voice; it said:"—and he mocked it.—

"Oh, nephew, nephew!" cried the uncle in disgust, "that was nothing but a mole! Try it again tomorrow."

So, early the next morning, he returned to the log, and said to himself: "I wonder what I will hear this time."

All at once he heard: "Chirp, chirp, chirp, peep, peep, peep," right over his head in the top of the dead pine tree.

"There, that must be what uncle meant."

So he hurried home, stumbling along until he reached the door, then he fell upon the ashes.

"Uncle, I have heard it this time! As I sat on the"—

"Hold on, nephew, hold on. Let my tobacco burn first," and he filled and lighted his pipe.

"Now you may commence. What was it you heard?"

"As I sat on the log I heard right over me:

'Chirp, chirp, chirp, peep, peep, peep.'"

"Nephew, stop! That was nothing but a bird. You should know better than to listen to moles and birds. Tomorrow you must try again."

Before daylight the next morning his uncle dusted him off and sent him again.

By this time he had made a well-beaten trail to the log, so that he went without stumbling.

Reaching the log, he sat down, and suddenly

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo," sounded loud close by, and this strange voice frightened him so that he ran all the way home. Out of breath, he burst into the wigwam and fell upon the ashes again.

"Uncle, uncle! I know I have heard it this

time. I was sitting on the"—

"Hold on, nephew, hold on. Let my tobacco burn first." So he lighted his pipe.

"Now, nephew, I am ready. What was it?"

"I was sitting there thinking what you could mean, and all at once I heard;

'Tu-whit, tu-who.' Is n't that it?"

"You foolish boy! That is only an owl. You must go again." So he went the next morning.

"What can uncle mean! It must be something very strange. I will not mind birds any more. I will stay here and find out what it is. I will never leave until I know."

At day-dawn he heard a faint sound which seemed to come from a great distance. It was a very strange, but sweet voice.

"I must listen, for this is surely what uncle means," whispered the nephew to himself.

And he was right at last. It was the voice of a woman. She was nearing him. She was singing very sweetly. The nephew was charmed.

He listened to her words, and said them over to himself so as to repeat them to his uncle.

These were the words;

"Wa-eh-dah-noh-gwah-gwaeh do-hah-da-negah."

Having learned the song, the nephew ran for home at the top of his speed. It was daybreak, and the wild birds filled the woods with sweet notes. He entered the wigwam and fell into the ashes once more. In a hoarse whisper he said:

"Uncle! Uncle!"—

"Wait, wait, nephew. Let my tobacco burn first," and he lighted his pipe and took a whiff.

"Now, nephew, go on," and he drew nearer.

"As I sat"—

"Do n't tell that; tell what you heard," impatiently urged the uncle.

"Well, I heard a voice at a great distance. It sang very sweetly. I"—

"Tell me, nephew, what did the voice say?" and the uncle moved nearer still to his nephew and forgot to whiff at his pipe—he was so anxious.

"Uncle, I learned the song. She sang;

"Wa-eh-dah-noh-gwah-gwaeh do-hah-da-ne-gah." (I am going after a husband, the man of only-two-feathers-close-together-in-his-cap.)

"Ah, my nephew, that sounds good! That is what I sent you for. I am the one called Do-hah-da-ne-gah."

This was the first time the boy knew his uncle's name, and he wondered why that name was given to him.

"I will now tell you," said the uncle, "what this means. Two women are coming here soon from a far-distant wigwam. They will come to make me the husband of one of them. This is our custom."

He began to slick up the room with the hemlock-bough broom. He brought out his best skins and robes, and also his head-dress ornamented with colored porcupine quills, and with two eagle's feathers stuck close together in it.

"That must be why uncle is called Do-hah-da-ne-gah, for I see the cap with only two eagle's feathers, and they are close together."

His uncle also took out a beautiful tobacco-pouch and a new pipe. Everything was changed.

"Nephew, they will soon be here, and I wish to advise you what to do. When they come in do not be observing; turn your face in the opposite direction, and do not stare at them for you are very dirty."

The nephew felt very badly; he felt below his uncle. They heard footsteps. The women had come. So great was the curiosity of the boy to see a woman that he turned around.

"There, you've commenced to stare," growled the uncle—and his harsh words to the boy displeased both of the women, so that they turned their minds from the man to the nephew.—

The uncle, finely dressed, asked the women to sit down by him, one on each side, and the boy said to himself: "Uncle is very stingy. Why does n't he let one sit by me?"

The uncle threw the old bear-skin over into the corner where the boy was and asked the women to take his seat, but they paid no attention to him and so he lay down and went to sleep.

The women dusted the boy and spoke kindly to him and pitied him.

The women then returned home. On looking about the room the boy saw no fine robes but the same old things. He saw a basket and knew the women must have left it. His uncle said:

"My nephew, I will now tell you the whole of this matter. It is of no use to hide it any longer. They have come for you and not for me. They brought a basket of bread, two loaves, in token

of your marriage to the younger sister. When our people wish to marry a daughter to a young man, they bear loaves of corn-bread to the father and mother of the young man. You have no father and mother so the older sister brought the bread to me, and she also brought her youngest sister. They have left the bread as a sign that you are betrothed to the younger sister. Here are two loaves of corn-bread, and they are tied together with corn-husks, and that makes them wedding-cake. If you bite out a mouthful it will be your answer to them that you accept the offer and are well pleased."

The nephew immediately took two large bites to assure the women of his acceptance.

"Tomorrow they will return to examine the loaf for their answer, and we must not be here when they come. You must go to their abode in ten days. This is our custom. I will now give you the power to become a great hunter such as I have been. When you shoot an arrow, never pick it up again, but when your supply runs low grasp those you have left and draw them across your left arm, and you will have your full quiver of arrows. And now before you go I want you to furnish me with venison and bear's meat to last me a long time."

He went to hunt and wished for deer and all kinds of bears, and great throngs of them came as if glad to fall before him.

"Well, nephew, you have killed all the deer and bears I shall need for a long time. It is time for you to start on your journey. You should be

there the same time in the day that the sisters reached here. Do not stop by the way. A man lives in the forest by the name of Teh-do-oh-ho-is-sah, "Man-with-the-woodchuck-skin-leggins." He will contrive every way to take your attention, and it will be hard to resist him; but do not pay any heed to him or to small game. Go straight ahead. I hang this wampum-string by the fire, and if you are in trouble this string will stretch towards the ground; if you are nearly dead, it will lie flat on the ground."

He gave him his costliest suit and his best headdress on which an eagle was perched. He brushed the eagle, and he spread his wings and screamed. He also gave his nephew a tobacco-pouch and a new quiver full of arrows.

"When you smoke throw your pouch down and do not be vain or put on airs."

He gave him a pipe with two birds on the top.

"When you throw down your pouch it will arise a fawn; touch it, and it will go back to a pouch. Whenever you wish to smoke, these two birds will fly to the fire and bear you a red-hot coal and light your pipe."

The nephew started early the next morning and traveled all day. Suddenly he heard a voice and saw a shabbily-dressed old man running around a tree.

"This must be the man that ucle warned me about," thought the nephew, and he hurried on.

"Nephew, nephew, can't you stop long enough to help a poor old man kill this animal?"

But he kept right on.

"Nephew, help me," cried the old man.

"What hurt will it do if I shoot from where I am?" he thought, and he killed the animal.

"Wait," said the man, "I am going your way and I will be company for you. I know where you are going. You will not get there to-day; it is too far. Stay with me and go at daybreak."

He consented to stay and they built a fire.

The young man fell asleep by the warm fire, and quickly the old man sharpened a hickory stick and drove it down his backbone.

The nephew screamed and coughed, then grew faint and quiet, and the man exchanged clothes with him and went off muttering:

"Why didn't this foolish fellow know enough to take his uncle's advice!"

He put on the eagle-headress but the eagle refused to scream for the imposter.

The young man did not come as the people expected, but they thought he would be there the next day and so all their guests remained.

The two sisters had four brothers, who went out to watch; there was a man, and the cry arose: "He is coming! He is coming!"

The old man had come, but he pretended to be the nephew, but the eagle did not scream and all were surprised at that. He entered the settlement, and took the best seat between the two sisters. The younger said to herself:

"This is not the nephew!" and she arose in great indignation, and whispered her thoughts to her father, the chief. The older sister paid him great attention. She thought he would make

her a pretty fair husband, and, as she had been looking for a husband for many moons, she took him. The younger sister went to the corn-field to husk and braid corn. At night, as all the guests sat in the firelight, the old suitor boasted of his exploits. He wanted to smoke, and asked for a deerskin to spit upon, "for," said he, "whenever I spit hundreds of wampum beads equal in value to human beings will rattle over the skin." It seems that he knew what power the nephew had. The old mother brought out a choice skin. He threw down the pouch, saying:

"Get up, pouch, and walk around the fire."

But it lay there nothing but a lifeless pouch.

"My pouch is bashful," he said.

He filled his pipe, and ordered the birds to get a coal from the fire, but they did not move.

"They also are bashful," he said.

Everybody looked for his wonderful wampum beads; but not a bead came. He put up pouch and pipe, and all were disgusted.

Next morning he went hunting, as it was the custom for the bridegroom to supply the company with meat.

He killed a cross-fox. It was the only game he ever killed, or ever could kill.

All were surprised that he brought such poor meat, and decided that he was an imposter.

The people gathered to taste his game. He told his wife to make a soup and give it to the guests, but when it was passed around they said they were not hungry just then, and would save it for their breakfast. He devoured it himself.

He wanted to smoke again and did so but with no better success than before.

When the younger sister reached the corn-field the third morning she found a very sick man there; he was very pale.

"He looks like the man I was to marry. He appears to be asleep."

She kept still. She saw his eyes opening, and spoke:

"You must be very sick."

"Yes, I am; what news have you?"

"An old man has arrived who says he is the nephew of Dō-hah-da-ne-gah, but I know it isn't true. My sister has married him."

"Are you the one who went after the nephew?"

"Yes, and I think you are the nephew."

"It is true. I am he. I have been overpowered by the man-of-the-woodchuck-skin-leggins because I disobeyed my uncle. These are his clothes. A stick is down my back. He thinks I am dead."

"I am glad I found you," softly whispered the Indian maiden, as he rested his head on her arm.

She whispered strengthening words to him, then hastened home and returned bearing him food.

The young man's uncle was deeply mourning and his wampum-string was drooping low. He made a cry, poured ashes on his head, and ended with this song:

"Ten summers shall pass, nephew, before I shall give you up."

* * *

The young man said to the girl;

"I have a plan; keep it secret. Tell your father that a man in this neighborhood has just had a dream. It was told him in the dream that he and the man-with-the-woodchuck-skin-leggins must go into a cauldron when the sun is at middle sky tomorrow."

She told her father and he announced it to the imposter, not telling him who had the dream.

"I am ready to meet any man in the cauldron any time," he boasted.

The girl wrapped her lover in a blanket to hide his clothes. It was announced that the man who had the dream was present. The people built a wall about the cauldron, and roofed it overhead, poured water in, heated large stones very hot and rolled them into the water. The men entered, and the door was shut. A great steam arose and softened the hickory stick and quickly the nephew drew it out and drove it down the backbone of the pretender. Immediately the nephew's power came back, his wounds healed, and the uncle's wampum drew up.

The nephew put on his own clothes, and tossed the woodchuck-skins back to the old man.

He rubbed the eagle, it came back to life and screamed, and all the people shouted:

"This is the nephew."

They gave no attention to the deceiver who choked and coughed himself to death.

The nephew went with his wife to the chief who greeted them. The nephew wished to smoke, but he made no boasts. He took out his pouch, and up rose the fawn alive! It walked about as if contented and ran around the fire saying: "Nyah, nyah, nyah."

He filled his pipe and the two birds on its top flew down to the fire and bore to him a live coal and lighted his pipe. He spit, and hundreds of beautiful wampum beads rattled on the ground.

The women sprang for them and said:

"Oh, how we do wish he would spit again!"

He went hunting the next morning. He called for bears, and a great many appeared, enough for all the people. He next called for deer, and they came by hundreds, and supplied them all.

Again he smoked, and again he produced the wampum beads.

On the third morning he went out without any particular object in view. The Indians say that if a person goes forth without any purpose he will fall into danger. The nephew went out without any object; suddenly he heard a voice calling his name. He turned, and saw two women who were witches. He turned away.

"He seems to be bashful. Let us go down."

One chased him around a tree, and he tried to escape, but the other ran around the other way. They caught him. He was bewitched and put to sleep. They flew with him to the top of a large tree. They shook him and he became small and light. One of the witches pulled a canoe from her pouch, and it grew large. They

put him into it and stepped in themselves, and the canoe glided through the air for many hours and at last reached a spot called "The High Rocks." Here the witches had destroyed many victims. The rocks were shelving like tables one above another high over a precipice. They placed him there and brought him to his usual size again. He lay close to the edge of the precipice, and could only look right up to the sky.

At early twilight he heard a strange noise at his feet; it was an animal, and the noise was as if he were biting flesh and gnawing bones.

He heard a man scream in agony. The animal next came to him; it was a winged monster, a flying head, that now bit his arm and flew off.

The nephew had not lost any of his power, so he rubbed the wound in his arm and it was well in an instant.

"Now I know that these two witches own this animal, and feed it in this way."

The next morning he heard a rushing sound like wind, and then a voice. A man appeared and in his hand he held a squash which he had baked in the hot coals, and which all the starving victims knew was delicious. The man was blowing away the ashes from the squash, and that was the sound like wind.

"This is what we folks eat who live on these rocks," cried this flying tormentor.

He disappeared with a whirl.

* * * *

The uncle had been happy in his wigwam until now. His grief returned. The wampum

dragged even more than when the man-with-the-woodchuck-skin-leggins drove the stick of hickory down his backbone. And now all the birds and beasts seemed bent on torturing the poor old uncle. There was a pounding on his door, and a voice cried:

"Uncle, uncle, I have come home," and the uncle, with his head covered with ashes, in sign of grief, would go to the door, only to see an owl stealthily winging his way to another tree.

Again a heavy pounding at the door and a voice cried:

"I am your nephew. Uncle, I have come at last." And he would go to the door, only to see a fox sneaking among the bushes.

In a few hours there was the loudest knock of all, and a loud voice cried out:

"Uncle, let me in. I am your nephew."

But he sat with bowed head gray with ashes.

"I am your nephew. Uncle, are you here?"

"Yes," he answered, "but are you really my nephew? The wampum drags, and by this I know that my nephew is in great trouble."

"But I am your nephew," and he opened the door, only to see a bear hurrying up a leaning tree.

"They shall not deceive me again," and he cut a hole in the door. "Now, whoever says that he is nephew must put his hands through this hole, and if I am deceived again, I will kill my tormentor."

The nephew on the rocks was all this time

encouraging his fellow-sufferers.

"Cheer up," he said, "I will rescue you. I am going to destroy this animal and our tormentor."

He heard the dragon coming; saw his two great blazing eyes, and, taking aim, shot an arrow and brought the monster down. He plunged headlong among the rocks and was dashed to pieces. Their tormentor came again, holding a baked squash, and crying:

"This is what we eat"—and "whiz" went an arrow into his mouth just as he was biting off a piece, and he dropped the squash and fell dead.

Then the nephew sang:

"Ga-na-do-deh, Ga-na-do-deh, O Hemlock, grow, O Hemlock, grow," and at once there arose from the dragon's brain a hemlock tree.

Whenever he sang, the tree grew; when he ceased, it stopped. At daybreak he could touch the top of the tree with his elbow.

"Come," he cried to all the victims, "here is a hemlock tree for us to escape on."

They came, he rubbed their wounds and all were healed. They went down the tree, the nephew last. The tree grew shorter at the top as the men went down, and when they stepped upon the ground the hemlock vanished.

He led the rescued men back to his uncle's wigwam, and as they traveled, he thought:

"I have been gone just ten summers."

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The wampum at the uncle's wigwam went up again, but his grief was so deep that he did not notice it. The nephew approached the door not knowing what torments his uncle had

suffered. He pounded on the door and called:
 "I have come back to you, uncle. Ten summers have passed away. Uncle, let us in."

"If you are my nephew, put your hands into the hole in the door."

He did so, and the uncle, thinking it was another tormentor, caught the hands and bound them fast together with a thong, and, seizing his club, opened the door, and was just about to strike him a death-blow when he saw that he was his nephew. He dropped his club and told his nephew why he had done so.

"I am glad you have come back again," said the uncle, and the nephew showed his friends, and the uncle welcomed them, and said:

"Here we will live together."

It was decided that the nephew's wife should be brought home also, and it was done.

Such was the fate of Hos-he-wah-di-gah-hoh (Scorched-Body), and Do-hah-da-ne-gah, (man-with-only-two-feathers-close-together-in-his-cap).

Na-ho, I am done

THE INDIAN WAR-WHOOP

You hoh we hah heh, you ho we,
 (Three times)

You hoh we hah heh, (Three times)

Wee yuh, (Three times)

Who-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ooo!





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